

Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,  
For I will hence to Warwick's other Daughter,  
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage  
I may not proue inferior to your selfe.  
You that loue me, and Warwick, follow me.

*Exit Clarence, and Somerset followers.*

*Rich. Not I:*

My thoughts ayme at a further matter:  
I stay not for the loue of Edward, but the Crowne.  
*King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?*  
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:  
And haste is needfull in this desperate case,  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalfe  
Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed:  
My selfe in person will straight follow you.

*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*

But ere I goe, Hastings and Mountague  
Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,  
Are neere to Warwick, by blood, and by allyance:  
Tell me, if you loue Warwick more then me;  
If it be so, then both depart to him:  
I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.  
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,  
Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,  
That I may neuer haue you in suspect.

*Mount. So God helpe Mountague, as hee proues true.*

*Hast. And Hastings, as hee fauours Edwards cause.*

*King. Now, Brother Richard, will you stand by vs?*

*Rich. I, in despite of all that shall withstand you.*

*King. Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.*

Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre,  
Till wee meet Warwick, with his forreine powre.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Warwick and Oxford in England,  
with French Souldiers.*

*Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.*

*Enter Clarence and Somerset.*

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:  
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

*Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.*

*Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome vnto Warwick,  
And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardize,  
To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart  
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;  
Else might I thinke, that Clarence, Edwards Brother,  
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:  
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine.  
And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture,  
Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His Souldiers lurking in the Towne about,  
And but attended by a simple Guard,  
Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,  
Our Scouts haue found the aduerture very easie:  
That as *Plysses*, and stout *Diomedes*,  
With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian satall Steeds;  
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,  
At vnawares may beat downe Edwards Guard,  
And seize him selfe: I say not, slaughter him,  
For I intend but onely to surprize him,  
You that will follow me to this attempt,*

Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader.  
*They all cry, Henry.*

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George.  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.*

*1. Watch. Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,  
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.*

*2. Watch. What, will he not to Bed?*

*1. Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow,  
Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,  
Till Warwick, or himselfe, be quite suppress.*

*2. Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,  
If Warwick be so neere as men report.*

*3. Watch. But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,  
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?*

*1. Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the Kings chiefest friend.*

*3. Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King,  
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,  
While he himselfe keeps in the cold field?*

*2. Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.*

*3. Watch. I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,  
I like it better then a dangerous honor.  
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.*

*1. Watch. Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his passage.*

*2. Watch. Is wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,  
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?*

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,  
and French Souldiers, silent all.*

*Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:  
Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer:  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.*

*1. Watch. Who goes there?*

*2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyest.*

*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick,  
and set upon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,  
Warwick and the rest following them.*

*The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.*

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King  
out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard  
and Hastings flye over the Stage.*

*Som. What are they that flye there?*

*Warw. Richard and Hastings: let them goe, heere is the Duke.*

*K. Edw. The Duke?*

Why Warwick, when wee parted,  
Thou call'dst me King.

*Warw. I, but the case is alter'd.*

When you disgrac'd me in my Embassage,  
Then I degraded you from being King,  
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke:  
Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,  
That know not how to vse Embassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,  
Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,  
Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,  
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies?

*K. Edw. Yet,*

*K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,*

Art thou here too?  
Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe.  
Yet Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,  
Edward will alwayes beare himselfe as King:  
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,  
My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele.  
Warw. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King.

*Takes off his Crowne.*

But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne,  
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.  
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:  
When I haue fought with Pembroke, and his fellows,  
He follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.  
Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke,  
*They leade him out forcibly.*

*K. Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both winde and tide.*

*Oxf. What now remains my Lords for vs to do,  
But march to London with our Soldiers?*

*War. I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,  
To free King Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the Regall Throne.*

*Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.*

*Riu. Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?*

*Gray. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to learne  
What late misfortune is befallne King Edward?*

*Riu. What losse of some pitch battell  
Against Warwick?*

*Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.*

*Riu. Then is my Soueraigne slaine?*

*Gray. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,  
Either betrayed by falshood of his Guard,  
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:*

And as I further haue to vnderstand,  
Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,  
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.

*Riu. These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,  
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,  
Warwick may loose, that now hath wonne the day.*

*Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:  
And I the rather waine me from dispaire  
For loue of Edwards Off-spring in my wombe:*

This is it that makes me bridle passion,  
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:

I, for this I draw in many a teare,  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,  
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne  
King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th' English Crowne.

*Riu. But Madam,  
Where is Warwick then become?*

*Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,  
To set the Crowne once more on Henries head,  
Guesse thou the rest, King Edwards Friends must downe.  
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,  
(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)  
He hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,*

*K. Hen. I  
Haue shaken  
And turn'd  
My feare to  
At our enlar  
Lieu. Subie  
But, if an hu  
I then craue  
K. Hen. I  
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They quire*

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